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1880



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A

F E W P O E M S,

BY

C. D. BRADLEE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON SQUARE, DORCHESTER
DISTRICT, BOSTON, MASS.

1880.



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D

COSMO DE MEDICI,

1389 BY C. D. BRADLEE, 1879

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARRISON
SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

DEDICATED
TO
H. R. H.
H U M B E R T,
K I N G O F I T A L Y.

*COSMO, THE NOBLEST ITALIAN OF
THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.*

DEDICATED TO H. R. H.,

HUMBERT,

KING OF ITALY.

1389

1879

COSMO DE MEDICI,

BY C. D. BRADLEE.

Out from the shadows of the past, we find
Great minds and souls, both noble and refined,
Richer far than our common mortal life,
With splendid gains, and mighty glories rise,
That send an echo bounding through all time,
And in every age have a genial clime!

In thirteen eighty-nine God gave us all
Cosmo, on whom His mighty grace did fall,
Whose spirit seemed to have a lasting light,
That no eclipse of time could shroud with night!
He came to needy hearts a peace to bring,
And made the weakened ones rejoice and sing!

Prior
First a **Prior** of Florence he was made,
And in robes of office with joy arrayed;
And he ruled with skill, and was brave and true.—
In sound judgment was equalled but by few!
As "Banker" too, and master of finance,
To make a fortune he improved his chance.

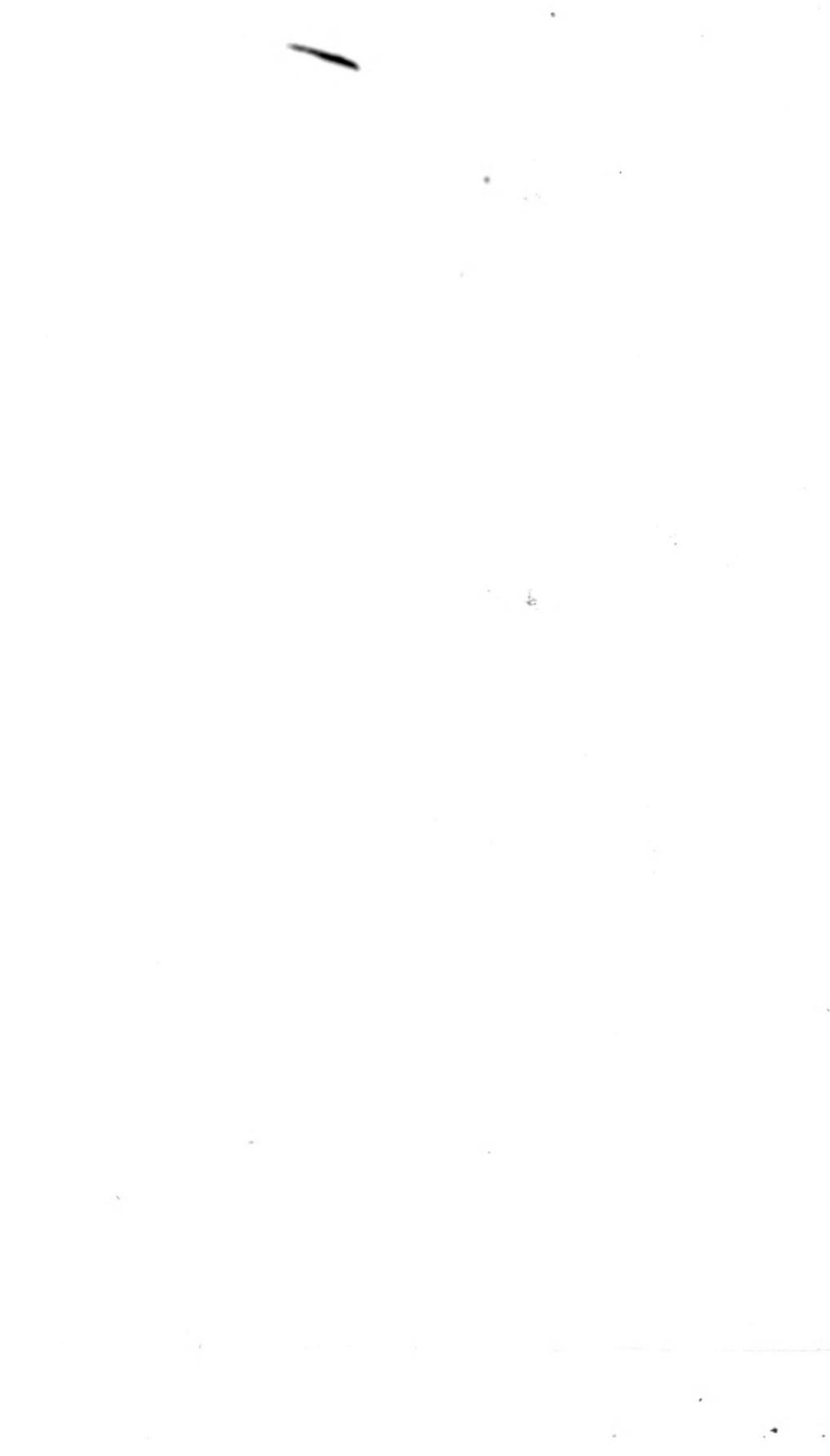
His house was regal, and he ope'd his door
To artists, and all who were skilled in lore;
Even from Greece, to him they fled for care,—
Of his large comforts had a blessed share;
His love a refuge was to all who came,—
By his goodness he glorified his name!

In fourteen forty-three, a mighty change
Gave to his massive soul a larger range;
For rulers new, seizing the power of state,
Sent a great cloud awhile upon his fate,
And banished too he was away from home;
In unfamiliar spots he had to roam.

At Venice he lived for about a year,
Giving to all his friends a holy cheer;
The same heart in exile was daily seen,
And all the struggling ones his love did screen!
Not long was he allowed to be away,
And much holier counsels soon had sway.

He was called back in fourteen forty-four
And ruled his people thirty years or more;
Such splendor and dignity did he show,
All things prosperous to those lands did flow,
And good old Florence stood in honor high,
And loomed up in glory to every eye!

In fourteen sixty-four he went to God,—
Was struck out from earth by death's mystic rod.
“Father of his country” was called by all,—
Honors heavy upon his name did fall;
And ever since the echoes of his love
Have filled the earth beneath Heaven above!



DEDICATED

TO

MY FRIEND OF MANY YEARS,

JOHN WARD DEAN, A.M.



A . F E W P O E M S.

TO REV. DR. ELIAS NASON.*

“Let your light shine !”

O LET your light shine, all clear and all bright,
Fear not to speak what you know to be right ;
Hide not the thoughts that God puts in your heart,
And ever be glad thy strength to impart.

O let your light shine, for needy ones wait !
Your words always come in right royal state !
Bring now with much love your gifts of great power,
Thus make all holy each day and each hour.

O let your light shine, do all that you may
To help those in darkness find the true way !
Then out of heaven a grand blessing will come,
A voice will be heard — oh hear it — “ Well done ! ”

O let your light shine, let all people see
That you and your Lord do always agree !
He gives the light and he wants it to shine,
And his will is right, and he is divine !

* I love to read all that Dr. NASON writes, and I look upon him as a public Benefactor. — C. D. B.

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GEORGE H. GAY, M.D.

Ob. Aug. 12, 1878.

Quickly he passed away from sight
And left us all in grief,
And at the darkest hour of night
His spirit found relief !

So hard and sad and sharp the blow,
We hardly think it true ;
And with our hearts all filled with woe
We feel rebellious too !

But God knows best, his ways are just :
We utter not a word !
We cling to him with perfect trust,
Our Maker and our Lord !

Farewell, beloved, a long farewell :
We'll miss you day by day,
And God alone our grief can tell,
And he its pain will stay !

Safe now you are with dear ones gone !
What greetings you have found !
And, in the higher life new born,
United anthems sound !

We'll meet again, all free from care,
Where sickness is unknown ;
We'll join again in praise and prayer
Around the Father's throne !

[For the King and Queen of Italy, H. R. M. Humbert and
H. R. M. Marguerita.*]

GUIDO RENI.†

1575—1879.

Amongst the painters famous in the past
Whose names shall live as long as time shall last,
Guido grandly stands in artistic power ;
Grateful thanks for ages have been his dower !
And to Bologna has he always given
A mighty splendor, by the grace of heaven !

In fifteen seventy-five it is told,
And in the “ Book of Fate ” it is enrolled
That on Italy’s blessed shores a child
Should come from God, in glory undefiled,
Should have a chance to rise to favors great,
And reach, if life were pure, a royal state !

Guido Reni we humbly wish to praise,
And to his genius thankful tributes raise !
He left Bologna young, and went to Rome,
And with great paintings felt himself at home ;
Caravaggio’s works he pondered well,
And was quite familiar with Raphael.

Pope Paul the Fifth at first allowed his skill,
And gave him a large order to fulfil !

* Special thanks were sent for this poem from the royal palace at Rome, in the names of the King and Queen of Italy.

† GUIDO RENI was born in Bologna, Italy, in 1575, and died in 1642.

This splendid notice made him widely known,
And to his early years sent great renown!
So all were ready their applause to give :
His name was destined a long while to live !

But in deep poverty at last he died :
And yet the power of death he had defied !
Though, in 1642, his body went from sight,
Look, in 1879, we feel his burning light !
Artists and scholars gladly speak his name,—
His mighty genius still sends forth a flame ?

GOD KNOWS BEST.

My God knows best ! through all my days
This is my comfort and my rest,
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,
That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best ! That is my chart :
This thought to me is always blest ;
It hallows and it soothes my heart,
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best ! then tears may fall :
In his great heart I'll find my nest :
For he, my God, is over all,
And he is love, and he knows best.

WHITSUNDAY.

The Holy Ghost, with mighty power,
In shape of fire, a gracious dower,
 Came down from heaven !
Believers, in a chosen place,
Were waiting for this promised grace,
 So quickly given !

On Pentecostal day, there came
This mysterious, blessed flame
 Of light and love !
It rested on each weary heart,
And did a secret strength impart,
 From God above !

Many tongues at once were spoken,
Unto all the word was broken,
 The word of peace !
Three thousand people turned to God,
And looked to Jesus as their Lord ;
 All doubt did cease !

Lord, evermore this gracious fire
Send down from heaven, and us inspire
 With wondrous light !
The darkness of our souls dismiss,
And fill us all with sacred bliss :
 Anoint our sight !

PALLADIO.*

Written for the dedication of Palladio Hall, Boston Highlands, Feb. 14, 1879.

Three hundred and sixty-one years ago,
 Away off in the blessed Southern clime
Where gentle Italian winds do blow,
 There came to earth, in God's own time,
That famous man, Palladio !

Vicenza, they say, was his native place,
 And as sculptor, at first, he tried his hand ;
But soon, by Trissino's all winning grace,
 And by his sweet and strong command,
He had to run another race !

As architect, he quickly gained a fame,
 That stirred, uplifted, charmed the hearts of all,
And when Paul the Third, of Rome, heard his name,
 Out from the Pope there came a call
That summoned him with loud acclaim !

Awhile, in print, he gladly spread abroad
 Volumes that to this day demand applause,
And all his thoughts, we know, were strong and broad ;
 Brave he stood for the Artist's cause,
And ever took the royal road !

In 1580, this great genius passed away,
 And sadly left his noblest work undone ;

* ANDREA PALLADIO was born in Vicenza in 1518, and died there in August, 1580.

Yet, we know, he's alive with us to-day ;
He stands an honored, cherished one,
A light to guide us on our way !

This hall to-night bespeaks his name with praise,—
This happy company now gathered here
Their cordial witness in true love upraise,
And give to him their joyous cheer !
Will honor him in coming days !

And the one by whose will we meet this night,
Who comes here from this same artistic clan,
Will ever lift to our approving sight
Palladio, the leading man ;
Will honor him, and think it right !

And so we dedicate this new-built hall
As Palladio's home, a place of cheer,
And our kind host now asks us, one and all,
To keep that spirit ever near,
And let that power upon us fall !

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Two, O Lord, at thine altar wait,
A blessing to receive ;
Humbly they would unite their fate,
If thou wilt give them leave.

Their hands they join, their hearts they blend,
One journey now they take ;
They pray their love may have no end,
They ask it for Christ's sake.

ONLY TWO OF US LEFT.

Thoughts suggested on Sunday evening, June 20, 1875.

There are but two of us here,
The rest have gone away ;
They have gone unto that sphere
Where night is turned to day !

There are but two of us left,
For six have passed to God !
We are orphans and bereft,
And both have felt the rod.

Only two ! how strange we feel !
No father, mother dear !
Come, my brother, let us kneel,
We'll kneel together here.

Once, you know, on Sunday night,
We knelt around the bed.
Was it not a holy sight
When mother's prayer was said ?

O brother, with God above,
She prays for you and me !
And she keeps for us her love,
And bends for us the knee !

And how sweetly does she pray
For light upon our heart ;
And that God may give a stay
That never will depart.

Then we'll say, "Thy will be done!"
We cannot murmur more;
And, through Jesus Christ, the Son,
We'll worship and adore.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, AND WE SHALL BE WITH GOD.

A little while! then we shall rest
From pain and care and sin;
And we shall find that God knew best
The hour that death should win.

A little while! the trump shall sound,
And what a change will come!
And what a light will fall around,
When mortal life is done.

A little while! then heaven we'll see,
And angels gladly meet,
And find by God's all wise decree
Our blessedness complete.

A little while! but faith must first
Transfigure all our days!
O'er all our lives must glory burst,
On all our lips be praise.

A little while! O God, how long
Before the time shall come?
In that great hour may we be strong,
And save us, through thy Son!

I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

I love to think of that dear one
Who walked in Judah's land,
And called himself God's only Son,
Led by the Father's hand.

I love to dream of that clear eye
That gazed at human woe,
And with a grace from God on high,
Did holy joy bestow.

I love to speak of words he spoke,
So gentle and so great,
Which the slumbering echoes woke
Of our right royal state.

I love to muse on deeds he did,
So mighty and so grand,
As he healed the sick, raised the dead,
All through the Holy Land.

I love to say, he is here now,
Blessing us each and all ;
Ready to catch the faintest vow,
Always within our call.

I love to feel he waits above,
That when our breath shall cease,
He may receive us to his love,
And crown us with his peace !

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

1827—1877.

Just fifty years ago this day
Two hearts were joined in one !
They asked their God to guide their way,
Through Jesus Christ, the Son.

With truth and peace, with faith and love,
They pledged their life and hand ;
And strengthened by the voice above,
United they did stand.

So hour by hour, and year by year,
Held up by mighty grace,
In doubt and joy, in cloud and fear,
They kept a trustful face.

Though fifty years have rolled along,
Behold the two are here !
Still safe and true, still brave and strong,
And to each other dear.

O God we thank thee, thou hast spared
Thy children to this night ;
That they so long thy love have shared,
And found their lives so bright.

Still keep them in thy holy care !
Still bless their hearts with peace,
And O for bliss their souls prepare,
When earthly time shall cease.

PISANO.*

Dedicated to the Royal Society of Heraldry, Pisa, Italy.

Nearly six hundred years ago, there came
To Pisá's land a lovely babe, whose name
Throughout all Europe has been sweetly known,
And whose lofty genius all scholars own !
Pisano was the one we mean ;
In Italy his works are seen.

As sculptor he made all the stones to speak,
And holy music from the rocks did break,
Giotto's method of design he tried,
And thus the weary waste of age defied,
And sent his works of holy chime
Down even to the present time !

Twenty-two years a gate of bronze he made
San Giovanni's Church in pomp arrayed,
So now in wonder joyous eyes do gaze
At this grand prize no mortal rust can raze !
A proof of that much gifted mind,
That left its rivals all behind !

In thirteen forty-five Pisano died,
Nay, lived ! and all the power of death defied ;
Lived ! the pride of Italy, Europe, too, —
Decreed by all as just and good and true ;
Remembered now with warmest love,
Although a saint in heaven above !

* ANDREA PISANO was born in Pisa, Italy, 1280.

IN MEMORIAM.

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTHDAY OF SAMUEL BRADLEE.

1778. Nov. 7, 1878.

How grand the echoes of the past,
That gather round the heart;
How sweet the glances on us cast,
That angel eyes impart!

We think of one who came to earth
A hundred years ago,
Who now has found a spirit birth,
Where crystal fountains flow.

We speak of her who took his hand,
For fifty years of life;
Who now abides in God's own land,—
Our mother! and his wife.

We dream of those, their children dear,
Veiled from our mortal sight;
And we are sure that they are near,
On this our festive night.

A hundred years! how long the time!
How filled with joy and pain!
God give us all his own blest clime,
Ere they come round again!

CHRISTMAS POEM.

Hark ! the Christmas bells are ringing,
And the angel-choirs are singing
That Christ is born !
And wrong is conquered by the right,
A world is lifted into light,
No more forlorn !

All the earth was sad and dreary,
And the human heart was weary,
Till Christ did come !
And then the darkness fled away,
And holy love began its sway
O'er hearth and home !

All glory be to God on high,
Let every mortal gladly cry,
That Christ was given !
May Christ grant all the power to see,
As at his name they bend the knee,
The way to heaven !

HOLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT.

Wait ! thou can'st not know thy fate,
The hidden things that lie deep
In the councils of God's state,
While we wake and while we sleep !

A weaving is round the throne
Of our blessings true and pure;
To mortal ears now unknown;
In the future all secure.

The Almighty's plans are grand,
But are hidden from our sight;
Of us all does he command,
Holy waiting for the right!

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH.

1848—1878.

In 'forty-eight this Church began
Its holy work for God and man;
And "Brooks" at first the word did give,
That needy souls might wake and live!

And "Williams" next, this place did fill,
Longing to do his Father's will;
Twelve months he spoke the word with power;
Kindly we speak his name this hour.

And "Johnson," too, with mind all bright,
Anxious for truth, and wanting light,
Awhile held service in this place,
With earnest words and loving face.

Then "Bulfinch" came, the man of peace,—
Our love for him will never cease;
Long will his gentle, holy heart,
On all our souls fresh strength impart.

“ Marvin ” followed this child of God,
 Took up his staff and held his rod,
 And when he felt the task too great,
 Left us all for a distant state.

“ Hinckley ” took up the waiting field,
 With tongue of fire a force did wield,
 And large crowds came to hear him speak
 Of holy truths from week to week

But soon he went, and “ Badger ” came,
 A man of thought and college fame,
 He stood on guard till trial fell,
 How great and sharp, no words can tell!

To “ Seaver ” then the work was given
 To guide the waiting soul to heaven ;
 And filled with zeal and love and power,
 Nobly he toiled from hour to hour.

His name we’ll ever speak with love,
 And when we look to God above,
 We’ll pray wherever he may go,
 Blessings upon his life may flow.

And Bradlee,—coming days must say
 Of good or ill, as best they may,
 For he himself must silent be,
 And leave his fate to history.

Rev. CHARLES BROOKS.

Rev. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Rev. Dr. S. G. BULFINCH.

Rev. J. B. MARVIN.

Rev. FREDERICK HINCKLEY.

Rev. Prof. HENRY C. BADGER.

Rev. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1877—1878.

Gone forever out of our sight,
Its good and bad, its wrong and right,

The grand Old Year!

Just like a bride, all dressed in white,
All full of love and grace and light,

The blest New Year!

Passed up to God, and left for aye,
Weighed down by age and great decay,

The loved Old Year!

With youthful look and full of peace,
Having of life a twelve months' lease,

The good New Year!

Away from sight, no more to give,
With not another day to live,

The old, Old Year!

With gifts of love and holy cheer,
With all things great and good and dear,

All hail, New Year!

Thanks for the past, and all that's given
Of light and strength and truth and heaven,

Great thanks, Old Year!

And hope for every coming day,
That wisdom's light may guide our way,

All hope, New Year!

OUR MOTHER.

Our mother has found rest with God;
Her life is done below,
And now, held up by staff and rod,
She higher work will know.

Her love, through many years so true,
Will grow still strong and fast;
And she will strengthen and renew
The friendships of the past.

Not lost to us, but gone "above,"
Still watching sweetly near,
Commissioned by a God of love
As guardian angel here.

We will not weep as those who dread
The change that now has come;
We will not call our dear one dead,—
She's found another home!

For know we sure she safe abides
Where all is peace and rest,
And in a world of joy resides,
Among the loved and blest.

In holy faith, to God we give
The one to us so dear;
And, saved by him, she'll ever live,
We have no doubt nor fear.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D.

Ex-President of Harvard College.

Gone home! gone to a place of rest
And joy and love and peace ;
A shining one among the blest,
Thy goodness will increase !

A record sure and strong and bright,
Thou leavest here below ;
The teacher of the just and right ;
Of thee the truth we know !

Modest and brave, all sound and pure,
A giant, yet a child ;
Thy words were strong, thy pledges sure,
Thy manner sweet and mild !

Farewell, dearly beloved of all !
The master-mind and saint !
And may thy mantle, prophet, fall
On us as free from taint !

THE OCEAN.

I looked upon the Ocean, and calm it seemed, and fair,
The peace of the Almighty was surely resting there !

I listened to the Ocean, its ripples and its swell ;
The voice of the Eternal, a message seemed to tell !

I bowed before the Ocean and all its fearful rage
Restrained by the good Father who made the shores
its cage !

I stood by the old Ocean, and thought about our life,
Its days so full of changes that pass from calm to
strife !

And the Ocean seemed to speak of a more gracious
shore,
Where God would stay our billows and bless us
evermore !

TO H. R. M. ALPHONSO, KING OF SPAIN.*

All blessings be upon thy path, great King,
As one more dear one to the throne you bring ;
May angels hover round thee, day by day,
And to both King and Queen be staff and stay ;
May holy deeds anoint the joyous reign ;
This marriage prove a glory to all Spain !

Long may the faithful two, so soon made one,
Add mighty beauty to the Spanish throne,
And all the nations with a loud acclaim
Welcome the one who takes Alphonso's name ;
This union of hearts a sure glory prove,
Made grand forever by the God of love !

* Special thanks were sent for this poem from the royal palace of Madrid, in the name of the king.

OUR CHILD IS WITH GOD.*

Thou, God, to us a child did'st give,
So beautiful and bright,
We humbly hoped it long would live
Within our loving sight.

We watched his growth, and felt a pride
In all his winning ways ;
Inside the home did peace reside,
And happy were our days.

But now we look in vain to find
The one who was so dear !
And it is hard to be resigned,
Because he is not here.

We know, O God, he's safe with thee,
And filled with joy above ;
And ever by thy wise decree,
Embosomed in thy love.

Not lost to us, but watching near,
Waiting for us to come !
And to our souls forever dear,
A holy precious one !

* Read at the funeral of HOWARD SEAVER, Dec. 8, 1877.

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EASTER POEM.

All hail to Easter Day now here ;
Away at once our doubt and fear,
 For Christ has risen !
Our hearts shall rise in sacred love,
Our eyes shall turn to thee above,
 O God of Heaven !

We feel the reign of time has fled,
No longer can the seeming dead
 In sleep repose !
The soul will find another home,
And hear the Saviour's solemn " Come,"
 When breath shall close !

We know this life will speed away,
And short will be our mortal day,
 And flesh must fade !
But still beyond there is a rest
For all the holy and the blest
 Who've Christ obeyed !

Thanks be to God for Easter Day,
To Jesus, too, who led the way
 To grace and peace !
And may we all receive a crown
When we our earthly work lay down,
 And faith ne'er cease !

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING AT MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Dear mother in heaven, thy picture I view,
Thy face ever old, yet always seems new !
The smile is the same, the looks are as kind,
And yet the dear voice I now fail to find.

But out of the lips there does come a sound
That gives a grand peace to all things around.
O days holy, when again I shall hear
Thy sweet words of counsel, full of good cheer.

Mother, I'll wait till I meet thee above,
Ere I shall know of thy holiest love !
No more partings then can harrow my heart,
And God to us both all peace shall impart.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

Almighty God, thy peace this day
Descend upon this place ;
And now do we devoutly pray
For rich supplies of grace.

Our thoughts make pure, our words make true,
And all our deeds inspire ;
And send at once thy holy dew
And thy celestial fire !

Send Jesus, too, for daily light,
That all our fears may cease;
O keep him ever in our sight;
Our love for him increase.

And when our day of change must come;
And mortal strength depart;
When all the work of earth is done,
Send sunshine on the heart.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Our God, our Father, and our Friend,
Our Comforter and Guide,
On whom all mortal hopes depend,
Be ever at our side.

And now, whilst grief has cast us down,
And tears are flowing fast;
Our saddened hearts with patience crown,
Thy blessings on us cast.

We know not why this loss has come,
Nor how to bear the rod,
But teach us, through thy holy son,
The message is from God!

And through the cloud, thy bow make known,
And in the bow, a light!
And may we see, around the throne,
The lost, an angel bright!





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